

THE SEA COAST ECHO,  
Official Journal  
City of Bay St. Louis,  
Hancock County, Mississippi.  
Subscription, \$2.00 per Annum.

# The Sea Coast Echo

## The County Paper.

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SEA COAST ECHO  
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32ND YEAR NO. 26

### PUBLISHER THE ECHO IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

Trip From El Paso, Texas, to Albuquerque, New Mexico, Through Unusual Country of Mountain Range. No Rain For Seven Years—Cattle Shipped to Old Mexico for Grazing.

INDIANS ARE CIVILIZED, BUT  
REMAIN TRUE TO COLORS  
AND TRADITIONS.

Interesting Visit to Pueblo at Isleta, Where Eleven Hundred Indians Abide—Catholic Church There, With Padre, Who Has Seen Thirty-Two Years Active Service in Midst of Red Men—O to Grand Canyon and California.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Albuquerque, N. M., June 20.  
To California: How many pleasant anticipations are there to conjure up, but a trip away from the beaten path has much in store.

Leaving New Orleans over the Southern Pacific, a stop at El Paso, Texas, is to be desired. Here we take the Santa Fe Railroad route, thus escaping the S. P. desert through Arizona, and instead through this land of the great Southwest so rich in Indian lore. From New Orleans to El Paso is 1,200 miles, a run of magnificent distance, and it is refreshing to get off the train on the second night's run. On, not only gets the much-needed bath, but a good bed to sleep in, at the Paseo del Norte Hotel.

On the trip up from New Orleans there were many charming people in our Pullman—all bound for California. Among them were Miss Poole, daughter of Editor Poole of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, and Miss Edwards, a sister of Mrs. Geo. H. Edwards, of Bay St. Louis.

El Paso to Albuquerque.

Always ride on a Santa Fe train, if you can. It is worth while. And Fred Harvey's meals are all that the name linked with a reputation imply. It is an all day ride from El Paso to Albuquerque, covering a distance of 252 miles.

The train runs along the banks of the Rio Grande river from the time of leaving El Paso depot, almost stones' throw from Old Mexico. The adobe house is in evidence on all sides. Not built for the extremely picturesque effect, but to meet the climatic conditions of this arid country. The adobe house is cool in summer and warm in winter. Not only the Mexican class build and live in the adobe dwelling, but many houses of the better class are thus constructed.

For seventy-five miles, or less, the Santa Fe train hugs the shores of the Rio Grande river, going directly north through New Mexico, bound for Albuquerque. For a while the river is lost to sight, a chain of mountains intervening. Then again, it hovers into sight. There are no dimming cars on this branch of the line, but the depot hotel, with its Fred Harvey meals make the trip delightful. At Rincon, N. M., is our stop for dinner, some seventy-odd miles from El Paso. After a splendid meal, exchanging amenities with the conductor and others, we plunge into the mountains and desert country for nearly all the balance of the day.

No Rain For Seven Years.

One can scarce believe this, but you inquire of several persons and the information you first received is confirmed. But let us be correct. There was a light rain about two years ago—but even that is too long ago to consider.

And this lack of rain for seven years has played havoc in this part of the country. It is a great stock-growing country. There are great cattle ranches, and Hereford cattle do best. They thrive on the open range, get more nourishment from the stubble grass of Texas and New Mexico; can go longer without water and practically need no attention.

At Zengle, New Mexico, I had quite a chat with Louis Lennox. He is owner of one of the biggest cattle ranches of this section. He said there was very little live stock left in this section. It had been bonded and shipped into Old Mexico, and arranged so with the Mexican government as to preclude the paying of customs duty on return to the United States. In parts of Mexico, where the cattle had been shipped in, no less than 10,000 car loads, rations had fallen and grazing was good.

There is very little live stock left in this section. From the train window it was a common sight at intervals to see the carcass of a steer or horse.

The mountains on each side, possibly thirty miles from the train, are barren and the valley of sand, cactus, sage brush and Mexican dagger plants, show great want of water. Even this class of vegetation that thrives only in the arid area, shows the blight of the seven-year dry spell.

Jack Rabbits Are Few and Lean.

Here we saw quite a number from the train. Tall and gaunt looking skin and bones. How the few remaining live cactus know their way to express surprise. They are so tall and gaunt looking and sparse along the arid areas to suggest the lean.

A. & V. AND V. S. & P. RY. COS.  
CLERKS' OUTING

Special Train Arrived Here Thursday, June 28th, Carrying About Five Hundred People.

A special train consisting of coaches—about 500 people—arrived at the Bay on Thursday last for their annual outing, under the management of Mr. Wm. Baader. A grand program, consisting of every sport from swimming contests to baseball, had been arranged, a very fine jazz band employed, and everything to gladden the hearts of the picnickers was thought of.

The baseball game went only two innings when rain forced them to quit. In fact, every sport arranged had to be omitted with the exception of swimming and dancing.

The Brethren at St. Stanislaus College proffered the use of the auditorium and the grounds, which were eagerly accepted, and what seemed to give promise of a miserable day ended in one of keen pleasure.

The clerks voted their thanks to the kind Brothers for their consideration and they took away with them pleasant recollections, despite the fact that Jupiter Pluvius had such a fierce disposition.

TWO-YEAR POLL TAX IN MISSISSIPPI VOTING O.K.D.

Committee Sets Aside View of the Attorney General—Will Have the Effect of Disqualifying Thousands of Women Voters.

Jackson, Miss., June 21.—Action of the Democratic State executive committee in setting aside the "wide open" ruling of Attorney General Clayton Potter in reference to qualifications for suffrage, is a subject of much discussion in political circles. While it is possible that the committee's interpretation may not be strictly enforced in all counties, as there it is expected to have a salutary effect in preventing illegal voting.

As interpreted by the Democratic State executive committee, the constitution and the statutes require that a person must have paid all taxes for two years prior to the election in which she offers to vote. This attorney general holds that payment of poll tax is not a requisite, unless assessed against the person. None of the attorney general's prior to Mr. Potter have coincided with his view, but to the contrary, upheld his interpretation adopted by the State executive committee.

Opponents of the committee's ruling hold that it will have the effect of "disqualifying thousands of women who want to vote." It could not have this effect, of course, for the class of women referred to have never qualified for suffrage, and their failure to do so may be attributed, in a very large majority of instances, to their utter lack of interest in political affairs. The committee is therefore opposed to allowing these women to be brought to the polls at the last moment by what its members regard as a shallow and wholly erroneous interpretation of the election laws.

During the debate at the committee session on Monday the point was brought out by Mr. Frederick Sullens that the federal amendment conferring suffrage on women merely gave them equal rights with men, and that the State committee is wholly without authority to grant to the fair sex special rights, extraordinary privileges or unusual immunities and exemptions. "It is very nice to be galant to the ladies," he said, "but we can't afford to do it at the expense of the constituency, and no woman who has sense enough to exercise the franchise will expect to do so."

It is expected that, with this interpretation of the law generally observed, there will be about 75,000 women voters cast in the August primaries, and this fairly represents the number of women who have taken the trouble to qualify themselves for suffrage within the time limits, and in the manner prescribed by law.

The committee filled one of the existing vacancies in its membership by electing Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, of Greenwood, daughter of the late Senator J. Z. George, as committed woman from the third district. Mrs. Henderson is recognized as perhaps the foremost woman leader in the commonwealth. There are now three women on the committee, the others being Miss Carter of Como, and Mrs. Howard S. Williams of Hattiesburg.

The committee will meet on July 23 to deliberate on party nominees those State candidates without opposition. Those in this fortunate class thus far are: Dennis Murphy, candidate for lieutenant governor; W. J. Buck, clerk of the Supreme Court; L. C. Stone, prison treasurer in the northern district, and J. F. Thomas, prison trustee in the southern district.

BOXING CONTEST SCHEDULED FOR JULY 6.

Lively boxing exhibition, for the benefit and under the auspices of local Howitzer Company No. 155, M. S. Infantry, will take place on the evening of July 6th, at their stronghold in Second street. A first class main bout between "Dud" Carver, the local pride, and Adam Gomez, of New Orleans, will be the main attraction preceded by three excellent preliminaries of four and six rounds.

Adam Gomez, who will be one of the principals, is a first class boxer, fighting among the best in the Crescent City and working his way up to the top. While "Dud" Carver, hardly requires an introduction here, it will not be amiss to say that any one hoping to see him in action never regrets the cost of admission.

Prizes for the contest are to be awarded in the order will be

HIGH SCHOOL BOND ISSUE BEING VOTED ON TODAY.

Large Parade of Autos Held Last Night—Bay Enterprise Published.

Last evening, headed by a truck containing a jazz band, were some twenty-five automobiles, loaded with school children and decorated with flags and bunting, many having large posters attached to them calling on the citizens to vote for the hundred-thousand dollar bond issue on Saturday, June 30.

When the band ceased playing the happy children took up the cry "Vote for the Bonds!"

The principal streets of the city were traversed over and over.

A very snappy edition of the "Bay Enterprise" was published recently, its columns devoted entirely to the advantages to be derived by a fine school, and many copies were sent broadcast about the town.

The edition was very creditable and the Echo congratulates its editors on their achievement.

The Echo has always stood for the building of a first class high school that would be a credit to our thriving community. Its columns have always been open to the public to air their views on the subject. In fact, several communications have been published boosting the building of a school. Unfortunately its editor and publisher has been absent in the Far West for several weeks, and therefore, out of touch with the situation.

The evidence points to an overwhelming majority in favor of the issue.

At the hour The Echo goes to press (2:00 P. M.) 180 votes have been cast, and workers at the polls claim the school-bond wins by hand-some vote.

PERSIMMON BEER OUTPUT EXPECTED TO BE ENORMOUS.

At last the Government of the United States of America has recognized—persimmons! Laugh if you like, but that statement is no joking.

For the first time in history, so far as could be learned yesterday, the United States Department of Agriculture has included the "possum shadower" in its reports on the condition of "fruit" crops in Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

Just how the official recognition came about is not known. Maybe it was an act of Congress, or another constitutional amendment. Anyhow, Lionel L. Jases, agricultural statistician for the district, declared in the official semi-monthly regional report that "prospects are good for grapes, persimmons, pears, figs, peaches and persimmons."

In the meantime the invited guests, several hundred in number, assembled at the church, where the priest was waiting. Nearly two hours passed—hours in which expectancy gave way to worry and then to fear and grief.

Late last night the young man had not returned and the relatives of both were gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Voss, parents of the prospective bride.

Then the report goes along in a serious trend, declaring that all fruit in Mississippi was damaged by a cold, wet spring while early peaches are being harvested in Western Arkansas and in the Red River valley in Oklahoma.

Mr. Jases said the wild persimmon crop was so large this year that a survey will be given in each report to just what use persimmons will be put—remains undetermined. Pickled persimmons may appear on hotel bills of fare, or maybe they will be shirred or coddled like eggs, or preserved like peaches, or broiled like

lobster.

The government may start reporting on the condition of the paw-paw crop next.—Times-Picayune.

Even the poor, lowly persimmon is coming in for its share of attention from the Department of Agriculture, with the chances ripe for focusing the prohibition eye thereon in the immediate future.

The blackberry crop must be a foregone conclusion, for no mention is made of them, although the innocent little black fellows are very much in demand.

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### BRIDE-TO-BE WAITS IN VAIN AT CHURCH FOR MAN OF CHOICE

Grief-Stricken New Orleans Families

Conducting a Search for Young James Kieffer, Well Known College Athlete and Baseball Player of Great Promise.

ATTENDED ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE HERE AND WAS ATHLETIC SPORT.

Disappeared From New Orleans Few Hours Before He Was To Be Married.

Atmosphere That Breathes of Mystery Surrounds Disappearance—Friends and Relatives Can Advance No Reason for Strange Act—Bride-to-Be Prostrated.

Two grief-stricken New Orleans families are conducting a search for James Kieffer, 20 years old, widely known as "Jimmy," and an athlete of note, who disappeared yesterday morning a few hours before he was to have been married to Miss Doris Voss, 2525 Ursuline avenue.

About the disappearance of the young man is an atmosphere that breathes of mystery. No reason for his disappearance is known by his relatives and intended bride, nor can his many friends advance a reason.

The officers and committees in full are as follows:

Officers—Earnest J. Leonhard, commodore; Bernard M. Rea, vice commodore; Bernard C. Shields, rear commodore; Clem Penrose, fleet captain; Dr. A. P. Smith, fleet surgeon; C. G. Ferguson, W. J. Mermilliod, W. J. Estrop, measurers; L. Wadsworth, P. J. Merilliod, W. J. Estrop, racing; C. G. Ferguson, chairman; W. Partidge, G. W. Chapman, C. A. Sporl, Jr., W. H. Parham, Lee B. Edwards, Chas. A. Breath, R. W. Sistrunk, L. Wadsworth, C. J. Caron, E. W. Drackett, Peter Judlin.

Regatta Committee—L. H. Burns, chairman; Racing—C. G. Ferguson, chairman; W. Partidge, G. W. Chapman, C. A. Sporl, Jr., W. H. Parham, Lee B. Edwards, Chas. A. Breath, R. W. Sistrunk, L. Wadsworth, C. J. Caron, E. W. Drackett, Peter Judlin.

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Entertainment—E. J. Lacoste, chairman; Chas. G. Moreau, H. S. Saucier, W. B. Allison, A. W. Chapman, James Geary, R. P. Hyams, A. E. Mili, Bernard Weston, Roland Weston, J. S. DeBen, Geo. R. Rea, Justin Green, Aug. Schiro, Lamar Obit, James Sylvester, Ronald Hymel, Dr. H. Lewis, A. Battistella, Leo W. Seal, R. T. Perkins.

K. OF C. BALL BIG SUCCESS.

Casey was King—last Wednesday night at the Woodmen Hall, and led the dancing merry-makers in high spirits till the wee sma' hours o' morn. The hall was very well filled from the early hours until the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" bade them go.

The ball was given for the purpose of enabling the Knights of Columbus to build their home, and proved a howling success.

Much credit is to be given to the various committees for their ardent work and support, particularly to Mr. W. H. Starr, the chairman, who labored incessantly towards success, with his usual whole-hearted and self-sacrificing earnestness.

The Echo was unable to learn the amount realized on account of the fact that holders of tickets have not made final returns. Mr. Starr requests to us to draw all brothers holding tickets to make returns to him as soon as possible.

Several complaints of reckless, careless driving and of auto drivers, turning corners swiftly without blowing their horns have been reported to this office. Efforts should be made to prevent auto accidents and persons showing a disregard for others should be punished. At this time there is larger auto traffic on our streets, and accidents are more liable; therefore more precautions are necessary.

Ways and means of inducing closer co-operation between the town and country people for their mutual benefit were discussed at the meeting and much good is expected to develop from getting each to lend the helping hand to the other. Regular meetings of the club will be held in the country demonstrator's office in the courthouse on the last Saturday of each month.

W. J. GALLUP APPOINTED AS SUPERINTENDENT OF WATERWORKS.

The Board of Mayor and Aldermen in special session appointed our fellow townsmen, Will J. Gallup, as superintendent of waterworks for the city of Bay St. Louis.

THE SEA COAST ECHO.  
C. G. Moreau, Editor and Publisher.  
Official Journal of The Board of  
Supervisors, Hancock County, Miss.  
Official Journal of Board of Mayor  
and Aldermen City of Bay St. Louis

#### WATCH THE WEEDS.

We don't want citizens to regard us in the light of a "nag," and yet we feel it duty we owe the community in general to call attention to the heavy crop of weeds to be found growing in several places about town. If no other reason than the fact that they look bad could be advanced for cutting them, that would be sufficient. But there is a greater and a more serious reason why it should be done, and without further delay.

Weeds become disease. They offer a shelter for germ-carrying insects, flies, and mosquitoes, and furnish them an ideal breeding place. Sections where weeds are kept cut do not have to contend with annoying insects like those places where the weeds are permitted to grow as they please, and where the scythe is never applied. Pride in your neighborhood ought to be strong enough to warrant an hour or so at weed cutting every few weeks, to say nothing of the benefit that will come through eliminating a place which, if left to grow, might breed the very insect that would start an epidemic of sickness. The fact that someone else has permitted them to grow even higher than the ones you are neglecting to cut is a poor alibi for you. No matter what the other fellow does—get busy and clean up your own property. It won't be long until he will fall into line.

We are well into the most dangerous period of the year. Let's not take chances on an epidemic that would bring sorrow into many homes, and that we would regret to the end of our days. Let's make war on the weeds, and keep it up until fall.

#### DON'T OVERLOOK THIS.

At the present rate it isn't going to be long until finding a place to hold a little family outing is going to be almost impossible. There are lots of land owners who have no objection to parties stopping on their premises, in a shady grove or near a convenient stream, to pitch camp, or to spread a picnic lunch. But when they have to leave their work afterward, as they often do, to clean up the debris left by the picknickers or the campers, you can't blame them for ordering you off if you happen to be the next one to stop. We hear complaints of this kind quite frequently, and sometimes such complaints are justified. It's an easy matter to put the waste paper and pickle bottles and bread crusts back into the basket, and carry them somewhere where they can be destroyed. It also takes but a moment or two to see that the camp fire is fully extinguished, and the surroundings cleaned up before you leave. Don't forget this. For unless more care is used by picknickers and campers they're soon going to find it very difficult to find a place where they're welcome.

#### KEEPING FARM BOOKS.

Agricultural colleges throughout the country are trying hard to hammer it into the heads of farmers everywhere that theirs is a business as same as anything else, and that there is just as much reason why the farmer should have a system of book-keeping as there is why other business concerns need and must have it.

Haphazard farming, buying without keeping track of expenditures, or selling without keeping track of revenue received, isn't the road to success in farming. Take the men in this vicinity who are most successful in raising and selling live stock, grain, poultry or fruit and you'll find that they keep a pretty close tab on what they buy and what they sell. As a result they know more about how to plan for the future; when to tighten up or when to loosen up. And it's a satisfaction, too, to be able to tell by looking back over the books just how prices shift from year to year. Get some kind of a book, no matter how poor you may be at figures, and make an attempt to keep tab on your finances. It'll pay big in the long run.

#### IS IT LOCUST YEAR?

We've been reading a good deal in daily papers for the past several weeks about this being "locust year," and we note reports of considerable damage from these pests in several States. We are told that the locusts are insects which are now in full development after lying for seventeen years in the grub stage in the ground. The male locust does the singing. The female lays the eggs in the bark of twigs and the limbs of small trees which soon hatch into grubs and fall to the roots of the trees, where they burrow into the ground, often to a great depth. The grub then undergoes various changes, and sheds its coat, until in the seventeenth year he becomes a full-grown locust. They are said to be doing great damage to fruit trees, and in many instances cutting into the smaller trees so deeply as to ruin them, or to stunt their growth for all time to come.

So far we have had no great damage being wrought in this immediate vicinity, but the natural tendency of the locusts is to travel in great numbers, and it would be wise to keep an eye on the weather reports, and to be prepared to take action if necessary.

#### AIR YOUR VIEWS.

A great many people labor under the impression that it is a difficult proposition to get their views into the columns of a newspaper.

Situations, often of momentous occasion, arise in a community where a good many people would like to express their sentiments in print, but hesitate and are restrained by their fear that the town paper might reject their letters.

It is of that fact, and in order to correct an erroneous impression, The Echo desires to state that its columns are always open to the public. This paper is a public institution, as it were, an instrument for the furtherance of the public's desires and for the weal of the whole people.

Any person, desiring to express themselves upon any subject of public interest, are welcomed and will find The Echo ready and willing to give them space; providing, however, that they adhere to the rules governing such matters, for example:

Anonymous letters will not be recognized. Parties submitting letters may adopt a "non de plume," which will be printed with the letter, but the original must be signed by the writer as a show of good faith with the paper, which, however, is held inviolate by the editor and only received upon consent of the writer.

Villification of any one under the security of a "non de plume" will not be published, nor shall personalities be given space except above the writer's signature.

Write only on one side of a sheet of paper and as legible as possible—preferably typewritten.

Don't be backward, folks, let us hear from you; argue the question through these columns. The forum is opened to you.

#### THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

You've the wrong impression if you think a proper celebration of the Fourth of July means touching off a lot of fireworks and wasting money that could be used to better advantage. Neither are you right in believing that it consists in loading up the family flivver with gas and seeing how many miles you can cover between sunup and sundown. No, our forefathers who wrote and signed the most wonderful document the world will ever know had neither of these in mind when they performed an act which justified a holiday for the American people.

There is no better way for people to spend a patriotic Fourth of July than to spend it in a simple, quiet visitation among relatives and friends or even in a little family party at home, or in a grove nearby. The church picnic is also an ideal Fourth of July celebration, and so is the community on the school picnic. The family reunion, after a nice big dinner, and a place for the children to play, is another enjoyable and appropriate manner of observing the event. And there is always someone present who can entertain with reminiscences of early days and early ways that will make the time both interesting and enjoyable.

There is but one right way to celebrate the Glorious Fourth—and that is to celebrate in a safe and a sane manner. Noise doesn't mean real patriotism. The quiet man is usually the quickest to take up arms for his country. Be sane in your celebration this year and see how much more enjoyment you get out of it, and how much more enjoyable it will be for all who come into touch with you on that day.

#### CLEANING THE SHARKS.

Uncle Sam has been doing a pretty good job in Texas during the past few weeks, and we hope he keeps up the work and extends it to such other fields that are badly in need of such a campaign. We refer to the court battle he has made upon prominent operators in fake oil stock. Within the past few weeks at least three have been given ten-year sentences of ten years each, and many others are awaiting their day in court.

There is good oil stock, the same as there is good copper and gold and rubber stock. But somehow oil stock seems to be the favorite bait of the man who sets out to make a dishonest living, possibly because oil offers a quick return on the money. We know men who have invested in oil stocks and made fair returns on their money. We know others who are holding stock that isn't worth the paper it is printed on, and never will be.

There is enough danger in stocks of any kind without some sharper taking a hand in circulating them. Uncle Sam has sent out many warnings, and newspapers throughout the entire country have urged their readers not to be tempted by the magic offers and alluring promises of get-rich-quick concerns. But the past few weeks have brought forth the only real stock that have been taken for a long time to put the real sharks in the water.

#### CAN YOU MANAGE YOURSELF?

Did you ever try to manage yourself and found out it was a hard task? If you don't know how to do it, you don't know how to manage others. Here are twenty tests, which London "Efficiency" says if you can answer yes to, that you can manage yourself and others as well:

1. Did you ever deliberately decide to break yourself of a habit and succeed in doing it?

2. Do you control your temper and not "fly off the handle" when things go wrong?

3. Are you usually cheerful and free from "grumpy" spells?

4. Do you think for yourself and not let the opinions of others unduly influence you?

5. Do you "keep your head" in an emergency?

6. Do you remain calm when your own mistakes are pointed out to you?

7. Do your men respect you and co-operate with you?

8. Can you maintain discipline without often resorting to the use of authority?

9. Have you ever been selected to take charge of a group of dissatisfied men because of your ability to handle them?

10. Can you adjust a difficulty and retain the friendship of the person with whom you differed?

11. Can you get men under you to do things without irritating them and causing them to be resentful of your authority?

12. Are you patient when dealing with people who are hard to please?

13. Can you meet opposition without becoming confused and saying things you wish afterwards you had not said?

14. Are you sought out by your friends to handle delicate situations because of your ability to do such things?

15. Do you make and retain friends easily?

16. Do you make it a rule not to quarrel about petty things?

17. When thrown in with a group of strangers, do you adjust yourself easily?

18. When talking to superiors, do you feel embarrassed?

19. When interviewing subordinates do you put them at ease?

20. Are you able to express your own ideas without causing others to feel that you are overbearing and narrow-minded?

#### TOO MANY GRAFTS.

There are getting to be in this country entirely too many petty advertising grafts, schemes that take good coin out of the business man's pocket and furnish him no revenue in return. Every town in America is being invaded by the pamphlet, the magazine, the program or the road sign graft, along with a hundred others, and we note that they are coming through this section more frequently than they once did, and far too frequently for the good of local business men.

The average person, when in need of a little ready cash, seems to think that the proper thing to do is to get out something with an ad on it and raise the money regardless of the fact that his scheme from an advertising standpoint is absolutely valueless. Persons who find business a little dull in the regular line start out to peddle some kind of an advertising proposition. They appeal to the merchant on the ground that the ad is cheap, but it is, in reality, the most expensive form of advertising we know of. The rate, according to circulation, is always higher than legitimate newspaper advertising. The fellows who are getting them up have nothing invested—no wages to pay, no taxes, and they never contribute a cent toward the maintenance or improvement of the town and community.

The newspaper man does not want your advertising because he is trying to put something over. He isn't working a graft, and he isn't here today and gone with your money tomorrow. He is selling you a commodity on the same basis that you are selling merchandise to him—one hundred cents worth of advertising for every dollar you spend. And the kind of advertising that goes direct into the homes of the people you want to sell your goods to.

#### HE CAN'T STOP.

It would be very hard, we imagine, to convince an intelligent jury that the railroad company is responsible engineer cannot reasonably be expected to stop the train every time he reaches a place where the tracks cross a highway or to slow down to a speed which would make stopping in time possible when he sees an automobile on his right-of-way. All he can be expected to do is to blow his whistle, and he very seldom fails to do that. The moral responsibility for grade crossing accidents in all common sense rests squarely upon highway travelers. They have been warned repeatedly by sign and terrible accidents, yet they are still in too much of a hurry or too careless to exercise simple precautions when about to cross over a railroad track. People are doing more traveling by auto now than they do at any other season of the year. It would be a good idea, therefore, to remember that when you cross a railroad track, it is your responsibility to stop.

#### BROADCASTINGS.

We suppose every gardener whose vegetables are not up to the seed catalogue pictures will be mean enough to blame it on the weather man.

Normalay has started to come back. Mail order houses are offering the \$8 phonograph which sold during the war at \$75 for only \$30.

The income tax collector is after the former kaiser, and for the first time in our life we are in favor of a tax collector.

Another thing we've often noticed is that the man with calloused hands isn't always predicting that the country is going to the dogs.

There seems to be just one reason why farming isn't popular nowadays, and that is that it is a business in which people have to work.

What a fine time they must have at that castle in Scotland sitting around listening to the ex-kaiser read his press notices.

Boys would possibly get to play ball often if they could make their parents understand that Babe Ruth gets a salary of \$4,800 a month.

One nice thing about having a family is that when you get arrested you can ask the judge to let you off for their sake.

Looks are very deceiving. No Ford cars are over 26 years old.

Women may some day decide that it is proper for them to smoke the same as men. But we don't want to be around when they try to spit across the sidewalk.

The best way to tell the difference between toadstools and mushrooms is to wait and see if you're living the next day.

The Russian army ought to use noiseless guns so those who are not getting shot could get a little sleep.

We heard a boy say yesterday that another nice thing about school being out is he doesn't have to wash his neck so often.

Nature passed out a broad hint when she gave a man two ears and only one mouth.

Somehow we can't help feeling that this country would be better off if we had more dirt farmers and fewer dirt novelists.

This is the season of the year when the amateur gardeners are wondering if it isn't about time to quit.

There are about 5,000 different languages in the world—and money talks in every one of them.

We'll bet no man is eating more fruit now than the fellow who predicted early in the season it would all be killed.

We'll see where a motorist fell off of Lookout Mountain. That's another reason for calling it Lookout Mountain.

Henry Ford wants to reform our currency. If Henry will wait a little while he will have all of it and then he can do what he wants to.

An eastern beauty doctor says dishwater makes the hands beautiful. Every woman should show this to her daughter.

Lightning struck a Seattle church. May have been after a man who dropped buttons in the contribution box.

President Harding says, "We can't have too much music!" How about the chin music we get from Congress?

When the Lightning Flashed.

"Ever get shocked talking over the telephone wire during a storm?"

"Yes, once. I called up my wife while she was house cleaning to say that I'd bring a friend home to dinner."—Boston Transcript.

#### WITH THE WITS.

The Keys of the Other Place.

Once when Daniel Webster was sick bed a neighboring preacher made a practice of dropping in to see him every day. One morning he made the cheerful observation to Daniel that he seemed to cough with more difficulty than usual.

"Well, now, that does surprise me," retorted the cheerful statesman, "for I have been practicing all night."

Upon another visit, Webster, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Parson, I wish you had the keys of the other place."

"Because you could let me in," smiled the genial Daniel.

"It would be much better for you, Webster," chuckled the clergyman, "if I had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dobson is always bragging about his family tree."

"Why not? He's a nut, you know."

"Exchange."

"We'll bet the fellow who thought up hugging was surprised the first time he tried it out."

Home, Sweet Home.

Al was out working in the garden and his golf sticks were on the front porch; when a neighbor stopped by.

"Is the wife home, Al?"

"Do you think I'd be doing this if she wasn't?"

The Perfect Gent.

He rose.

"Madam, won't you sit in my seat?"

"I would, but would you prefer

To continue to stand

On my feet?"

Patrick had selected a sunny spot beside the cabin door and was enjoying his Sunday morning shave, when a neighbor passed by.

"Sure, and what are ye doing, Pat?"

Shaving outside?"

"And isn't it outside I should be shaving? Do ye think I'm fur-lined?"

Blame the Dentist.

"Henry, why didn't you come to school yesterday?"

"I couldn't, Miss Spink. I had to go to the dentist with a toothache."

"Well, that's too bad. Does it still ache?"

"I don't know, mam."

"You don't know! Henry, you are trying to deceive me. How it would



POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION.

T. E. KELLAR

ILIAUS JOPES

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS.

SYLVAN J. LADEER

E. VAN WHITFIELD

A. A. KERGOSIEN

M. LUTHER ANSLEY

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR.

J. C. JONES

JOSEPH V. BONTEMPS

CLAUDE MONTI

HENRY T. FAYARD

FOR TAX ASSESSOR.

F. C. BORDAGES, SR.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

C. L. WALLER

FOR TREASURER.

ALPHONSE FAYARD.

FOR SUPERVISOR-DIST. NO. 1.

H. S. WESTON

CHRIS DORN

FOR SUPERVISOR-BEAT 2.

J. B. WHEAT

J. N. KELLAR

FOR SUPERVISOR-BEAT 4.

FRED CURET

FOR SUPERVISOR-BEAT 5.

JOSEPH L. FAVER

VINCENT P. MORAN

JEROME CUEVAS

CITY ECHOES.

Mrs. Camye Curnet, of the Kilm, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. LeFebvre, in New Orleans.

Mrs. Paul Bothe, of South Baltimore, Md., is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. C. E. Bothe, in Kellar street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. LeFebvre, accompanied by their charming daughter, Miss Jennette, are occupying their summer home.

Miss Frances Barrett, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gager for the past two weeks, will return to her home on July 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Davis, with Mrs. C. S. Van, of Biloxi, were guests last Sunday of Mrs. Edith K. Daxton at her home in Carroll avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Horton are entertaining two fair guests in the persons of Mrs. Morrow, of Alabama, and Miss Luther, of the Crescent City.

Captain G. E. Mader, master of the 10,000-ton steamship Jeff Davis, cleared for New Orleans last Monday for Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, Ireland.

During the past week an electric light has been installed and turned on at night on top of the new waterworks main tower, illuminating the city for several miles and proving a great advantage. This light can be seen for over fifty miles and will act as a guide to ships at sea.

Three of the Bay's adventurous young men, Luder Mauffray, Rufus Whitfield and Julius Moran, left during the week for New Orleans, where they intend staying "before the mast" as sailors on some European-bound vessel. The young men are intent on "roughin' it" and we dare say they will be accommodated sumptuously—however, we wish them God-speed.

The adjutant general's office, War Department, at Washington, D. C., has forwarded the applications to enroll in the Citizens' Military Training Camp to Mrs. M. C. Gager, K. of C. Bureau, Hancock county courthouse. Any man or boy from 17 to 24 years of age can fill in one of these applications should he desire to go to the Military Training Camp for thirty days during the summer of 1923. These camps will be held at Camp McClellan, Fort Barrancas, Florida, and Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

A DEBT WE OWE THE DEAD.

When those we love most dearly on earth are called to that bourn from whence no traveller returns, and we tearfully, with leaden hearts, gently place their cold forms beneath the sod; we cover the fresh mound with beautiful flowers and water them with our tears—then we slowly turn and retrace our footsteps homeward.

Should we consider that our last office? Is it possible we owe those cold forms no more consideration, save a memory!

Can we not prove our affection further by keeping that lonely grave in order? Ay, we can, and we must, else the world accuses us rightly of forgetting.

A few ladies of Bay St. Louis, with Mrs. W. L. Bourgeois as their president, formed an association called "Cedar Rest Association," for the purpose of keeping the cemetery of that name in good condition. A call was sent out to those who have stood upon that hallowed ground and promised their dead never to forget. The call was for a small payment to enable the good ladies to continue their work.

IT HAS NOT BEEN ANSWERED.

Why, fellow citizens, can we not help to keep this sacred task alive?

No matter what your contribution be, hand it to Mrs. Bourgeois and it will be in keeping with the promise your heart made as you stood with bowed head over the last that remained of your beloved.

Don't put it off—DO IT NOW!

A. & G. THEATRE PROGRAM.

Attractions Coming for Next Week.

MONDAY, JULY 2:

Chloe Windsor and Colleen Moore in "Broken Chains" and comedy.

TUESDAY, JULY 3:

Mae Muray in "Broadway Rose," and Harold Lloyd comedy.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4:

Tom Mix in "Just Tony," comedy and Fox News.

THURSDAY, JULY 5:

Norma Talmadge in "The Voice from the Minaret," Harold Lloyd comedy and Fox News.

FRIDAY, JULY 6:

May McAvoy in "The Top of New York" and "The Leather Pushers."

SATURDAY, JULY 7:

Dorothy Dalton in "Dark Secrets" and Sunshine Comedy.

COLUMN de BULL.

By FULLER BULL, of Bay St. Louis.

By Fuller Bull.

Micky McGuire, Esq.

Dear Mick:

I been scribin' to Red Hogan, am leavin' ye out in the cold when I know it would be doin' yer old heart good to get a bitta news from the old Bay, an' specially as regards the noble athletes what's doin' the grand stunts in this day of championships an' the rest. Well, Micky, if, yer heart is that cravin' for the latest 'mod' the mighty, its me what's goin' to dish out to ya that doope what's got "sterlin'" marked all over it for the genuine artickel.

Ever since them college lads gotta ticket for home an' the woodpile, the two noted teams from the Animal League, what has they home grounds out furnish the broad white strip of roadway what's got the monicker of Dunbar Ave. have been battlin' it out 'till the queen's taste every Sab, rain or shine. Them the Bulls an' the Bears, Micky boy, an' two hottoe teams never graced anybody's diamond then what they are; them lads go out for BLOOD, aye, buckets of BLOOD, Micky, an' twould do yer soul good to lamp 'em a few times.

Them Bears gotta been ridin' them Bulls so long that it's gotta be a sorta habit with 'em. Noisy Guyenday stayed till he couldn't see no way to tame the Bears an' he took to the tall 'un' cutt, there to rest world without end. Then a husky guy what's known on the Bayou Bowery by the cog of Smilin' Netto, gets in the box an' says he's a real Bear tamer; well, Micky, he finds out that he's in the wrong circus, an' the pesky bruis won't eat outta his hands, even with Sweet Papa all dolled up in mask an' chest protector an' etect behind the bat.

Them Bears gotta battery what would make Mugsy Mae green with envy. A husky twirler called Kid Conrad with his runnin' mate in Scrappy Geo. Johnson, has been doin' the butchering of the Bulls so long that they RED up to where the comb hangs out every mornin'.

Las Sab, they hadda nother barbecued out on the Ave. in a double-header. Old Jupe Plave tried to drown 'em out for a while, but they ain't the lads to dodge the showers, their ducks right in an' starts the scrap an' old now. The mud was churned up till the cream of Hancock County was floatin' all over the grounds, only once did they take to cover, an' that was when the rain rods was emptyin' the whole bucket at once, they shys under the movable grandstands (or Ford stands) for a minute, but was soon at it again.

Corn-tasse Joe, Thibideau gets the job as Umps, but the game didn't go very far before them Bulls gotta horrin' in with the kicks an' says that Joe was learin' on the Bear side; Secon-the-motion Bill kicks up a big hole at the 3rd station an' gets so hot his collar burns a bit, Smilin' Netto swears that Corn-tasse can't tell a shootout from a fadeaway ball; he won't work for nothin', Sweet Papa tells him to keep her up for the glory of the Bulls, an' he finishes the game.

The foxy Kid grins, takes another Star plug over on the tarboard side of his phiz, an' lobs 'em over like Carl Mays. When the mud gets right deep the Kid starts the Submarine ball an' the Bulls all went outta pasture.

The first game goes to the Bears by a score of 14 to 13.

Dan'l-in-the-Lions-den is Capt. of the score card again, an' seems to have a strange hold on the job.

The honors of the willow goes to Pee-wee Fayard, who slams out the only Homer of the period an' drives in a couple Bears ahead of him.

The second spasm only gotta goin' in innin's when the new umps hadda call time, with the score loomin' up 8 to 2 favor them Bears, took the starch outta them horned animals, even with they own choice of umpire in which his nibs "Mister Elder" Bourgeois officiated.

We don't see just why they don't get Santy-Claus back on the job.

You don't savvy Santy, do you, Micky? Well, bo, he's all to the crav' on the Umps lime, gotta eagle lamp what never misses fire, an' hits on all 6 at one time, an' never gets whiskers tangled up.

Micky, you wouldn't treat it as bad, but fact is them Bulls even had nerve enough to DEMAND that they Bears give over two of Cedar Pt.'s best players, so justa shows what was sports; the Bruins turns over Vic Colson an' Emile Adams—an' puts 'em to sleep at once, an' never gets anybody thought it was a gun went off.

The Bulls swear that if they they succeed in takin' the measure of Kid Conrad in a game, theys goint' be bear meat—scattered from Cedar Point clean to the Jackson house.

Well, Micky, boy, the Bay's the place again this summer, we read in the papers that you birds are all flyin' an' bakin' up in the north an' west, we do have a pity for you, because it's here we don't do either, bake or fry; we enjoy livin' in what the good Lord handed out, as America's garden on the big breezy coast, where the only thing what's hot is the stuff you buy in some dark spot from a guy wearin' boots.

We points have sucha 4th of July that Geo. Wash will wanna leave his parkin' place in Mt. Vernon to be with us. Every firecracker with a guarantee not to go deeper than the skin.

Well, the same to you, Micky, when you get ready, just park yer boat down at the bayou an' enjoy livin' long with Yer friend, FULLER.

PUBLISHER THE ECHO  
IN THE HEART OF THE  
GREAT SOUTHWEST

(Continued from Page One.)

shasion and a little of the long green.

Visit to Isalenta.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Wm. Pickett and his excellent wife, who before her marriage was Miss Margaret Ansley, of Bay St. Louis, accompanied by Miss Lillian Ansley, of Bay St. Louis, who is visiting here, we visited this Pueblo-Indian village. The trip was made in Mr. Pickett's car and the scenes along the route were both unusually interesting and picturesque. Unlike anything one sees elsewhere.

Isalenta is a typical Indian village. No one lives here but the Red skins; save one man, a Frenchman, 70 years of age, the good padre in charge of the church, St. Augustine. He has administered to the Indians for 32 years. He is not the spiritual adviser but seeks their corporal interest as well. Here are 1,148 Indians. The padre was a personal friend of the late Monseigneur Chappelle. He speaks, in addition to French, Spanish, Indian and English. The life of this saintly man is certainly one of sacrifice and self-abnegation.

On the train was a real cowboy from one of the largest cattle ranches located near El Paso. From his interesting story, relating many instances, it was evident there is quite a divergence from the cowboy in real life and the cowboy in movies, save for the tall and white fedora hat. This is the cowboy's pride and prized possession. "Yes, we carry a gun," said the cowboy, but not like in the movies, where the wild riders are depicted and the frequent firing, in the air is so much show. We carry a gun only when driving the stock. This is for self protection. If we should fall or be thrown off while riding, a foot should be caught in stirrup, with horse frightened and running away, then we shoot the animal to stop his mad stampede and be rescued from being dragged to death.

Reaching Albuquerque long before nightfall, on alighting, one is refreshed with the sight of the beautiful and picturesquely located hotel at the depot—the "Alvarado"—another of Fred Harvey's institutions connected with the Santa Fe system. The hotel is built on the Pueblo (Indian) style of architecture, containing 120 rooms. It is lavish in every appointment, thoroughly modern and feeds over two thousand people daily. The great trans-continental trains stop here coming and going and 25 minutes is allowed for meals. The hotel attracts many visitors to Albuquerque and it is well to make reservations. One must visit here to appreciate it. I have seen nothing like it, save the famous Mission Inn at Riverside, California, which was described in these columns in extenso two years ago.

Las Sab, they hadda nother barbecue out on the Ave. in a double-header. Old Jupe Plave tried to drown 'em out for a while, but they ain't the lads to dodge the showers, their ducks right in an' starts the scrap an' old now. The mud was churned up till the cream of Hancock County was floatin' all over the grounds, only once did they take to cover, an' that was when the rain rods was emptyin' the whole bucket at once, they shys under the movable grandstands (or Ford stands) for a minute, but was soon at it again.

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